

Brandon Weekly Mail.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887.

There is, we readily admit, a general objection throughout the country, and many a man who favors the R.R.V. does so in the humble belief it disposes of the C.P.R. monopoly in the province for all time. To such people we have a few honest words to say. In the first place this road even if built, which is a matter of the gravest doubt, to say nothing of the almost absolute uncertainty of its operation, is but sixty-five miles of a road from Winnipeg to the boundary, without connection at either end. It is situated like the Head Sea, and a dear enough concern it will turn out to be, without either inlet or outlet. As to its eastern connections it is depending on the Northern Pacific and the Grand Trunk, both of which may at any time in so far as Manitoba is concerned withdraw their opposition to the R.R.V. and act in concert with it. No matter what the Manitoba government may do about controlling the rates on the R.R.V. itself they have no influence over its connections, and therefore can do nothing with its competitors. Again, if built to Winnipeg and operated as a competitor, with the C.P.R. its competition would be confined to its own shanty along the line from Winnipeg to the boundary. It is being built by the Local Government, as no company could undertake such a work without a charter which would be disallowed, for a clear reason, because of the disallowance policy of the Federal authorities, no extension can be made by a company, if they are made they must be by the government with the people's money. If, then, it takes a million dollars to grade fifty miles of competition, it is an easy matter to see the people will have to put their hands in their pockets to the tune of about ten millions more to give the competition to the rest of the province. The R.R.V. is going Winnipeg. To have competition in railways is an inflexible rule that every far-sighted investor must be in the ground work, and that the competition must touch at all important points. How then is the R.R.V. going to provide a double track the C.P.R. when it costs a million to lay a sixty-five mile line of the distance. And why should the whole of western Manitoba, the exporting portion of the province, not contented in paying station for the exclusive benefit of the Winnipeg merchants without the slightest hope of relief through reciprocity. To our mind the whole business is a farce with the exception of the reality of taxation. Whether or not the C.P.R. rates are higher than they ought to be, it is not for us to consider in this issue, but if more railways are required or desired, it is a clear case there is but the one way to get them, and an appeal to the Privy Council to show just where the province stands is the first step to secure them. If the appeal should be decided in our favor, the Federal government would have to bow to the decision of the superior authorities; and if the appeal was against the province, the purchase of the C.P.R. rights would be the only remedy. In this reasoning we refer to the added portion of the province merely, for as the added territory—all the country west of a meridian 50 miles east of here—belonged to the Dominion when the contract was let, it was handed over to the province with the monopoly as a mortgage upon it. A purchase of the C.P.R. rights in any event must be made for the west before other railways can be hoped for, hence the injustice of coercing us into paying for Winnipeg's railway.

Would it not be well for some of these Red River Valley advocates, now while they are enjoying a rest awaiting the arrival of the rails from Montreal, to take a retrospective view of their representations on this railway question to see how they have lied to, and shamefully deceived, the public. Is it not a fact they all along contended that the Dominion government was interfering with the legal and constitutional rights of the province in disallowing charters, and that in an appeal to the Privy Council the fact would be established? Is it not also a fact they have long contended that if disallowance were abolished, the province would be gridironed with railways without a cent of expense to the country? That these have been the representations of these guardians of Manitoba's interests no one will deny. Were they telling the truth then or were they lying wholesale for a double purpose to sacrifice Federal interests here or to place themselves on the treasury benches at Winnipeg? If they were at the time lying far the ends we have specified and admit the fact, the public will know how to measure them in the future. If again they were telling the truth at the time is not their present advocacy a strange commentary upon their consistency? One, two, three, four or more years ago an appeal to terminate Federal interference with our local charters, and such an appeal would not have cost the tax payers more than \$25,000 all told; and now, to get what can scarcely be an approximation to the general freedom from monopoly, even if the R.R.V. should be as great a success as its wisest admirers allege it will be, these same patriots are saddling the ratepayers with a million dollars of a bluster. Up to a few months ago the country was to become a network of railways with out a cent of cost to the people, if only dis-

allowance were abolished, which would be the result of an appeal that would not cost \$25,000, and now they are advocating the sinking of the people in forty times that amount for what even if successful can free but Winnipeg alone from monopoly! Is not this the essence of consistency itself from the bosoms of those Manitoban patriots?

To prove that the Local Government is justified in going on with the R. R. V. road as they are going on with it the Free Press is this time driven to great extremities. It quotes an utterance of Sir John in 1865 as follows to bolster up its contention:

"In deciding whether any Act of a Provincial Legislature should be disallowed or sanctioned, the Government must not only consider whether it affects the interest of the whole Dominion or not, but also whether it is unconstitutional; whether it exceeds the jurisdiction conferred on the Local Legislature, and in cases where the jurisdiction is concurrent, whether it clashes with the legislation of the general Parliament."

"As it is of importance that the course of local legislation should be interfered with as little as possible, and the power of disallowance exercised with great caution and only in cases where the law and the general interests of the Dominion imperatively demand it."

The organ also lays great stress on the statement of the Hon. Mr. Thompson last winter in which he said "there is no legal or constitutional reason to prevent the province chartering railways to the boundary." Well, whether a connection with the American system of railways would "affect the interest of the whole Dominion or not" is a matter of opinion. The Canadian parliament says it would, and the Free Press says it would not, so on this score the opinion of a third party must be obtained. Whether such an act is constitutional or not is also another point on which the mediating office of the only constitutional authority on the subject, the Privy Council, must be obtained before the public can know the right and the wrong on the matter. Opinions may be given according to the glasses we wear, but that can never dispose of a question. It is also a question not so intricate as one, whether or not a Local Legislature has power to authorize such a charter as is sufficient to form outside connections. The general expectation of the R. R. V. act on the point by many of the best lawyers in the country, is that the operations of any railway under a provincial charter must be confined to the province granting such charter, but this is not the aim of the Norquay government in building the R. R. V.—it is to operate across the boundary as well as to it. That the R.R.V. "clashes with the legislation of the general parliament" is proven by the fate of Watson's resolutions last session. The allusion to Mr. Thompson's statement may be disposed of in the same way. While he admitted provincial charters to the boundary might legally and constitutionally be granted he did not admit such charters could constitutionally be granted by the Local Legislature, as our Legislature had frequently granted—permissions to connect with outside lines. We have heard a great deal on this subject, but we defy any friend of the R.R.V. road to find a single admission of any Federal Cabinet Minister, while a minister, to the effect provincial charters were legally or constitutionally sufficient to form international communications. Will some of these fire-eating prints, and especially the Free Press make an effort to do it.

The Norquay Government is in a position to give a very effective answer to those who have been pressing for the immediate prosecution of western connection, viz., that the funds must first be raised for the Red River Valley Railroad before anything else is undertaken.

That Delphic oracle, the Winnipeg Sun, has the foregoing in its issue of Thursday. Now, this position Cliffe, Daly and Co. have all along taken. If it is good reasoning that "the funds for the R. R. V. should be raised before anything else is undertaken" would it not have been infinitely more sensible still if the funds for that road were raised before it was undertaken, and better still if the powers and capabilities of the province were ascertained before the people were sunk in any liability at all? This is the ground "Cliffe, Daly and Co. have all along taken but they are 'cranks.' It appears now, however, the cranks were not so far out after all. They appear to be turning the machines at Winnipeg pretty lively any way.

The Emerson International says: "When was 55 cents per bushel at St. Vincent on Wednesday—one cent higher than at Emerson."

The foregoing is from the Free Press, and as the F. P. and the International are two of the principal pushers in the R. R. V. road to free Manitoba from monopoly, it is not a sad commentary upon the veracity of these two prints. The Free Press declares the Canadian duties have nothing to do with the price of wheat in this country—that it is the English markets that rule. In the face of this, we have the quotations equidistant from the ruling market, and in the country whose railway rates are held up to be the admiration of the world, the product commanding but one cent a bushel more than in Manitoba, the monopoly cursed country, and that, too, before recent C. P. R. reductions were announced. If our readers want proof the charges of C. P. R. are "extortionate" and "draining the life's blood out of the people" as Mr. Kirchhoff puts it, are false in every particular, here it is over the signature of the Free Press and the International themselves. No, gentlemen, the people who

continue to ring these changes are liars of the first water and they know it. Day in and day out the prices paid Manitoba farmers for wheat are fully as good as those paid to their American brethren equally distant from the markets, and that is all that should be looked for in a young country like this. We freely admit it would be a good thing for Manitoba if the C. P. R. rates were still lower than they are, but all these charges they are higher than those of other lines similarly situated, is so much Grit philosophy for political ends, and we are only sorry some Conservatives adopt them also, in their ignorance of the situation.

The local Grit print interviews the leading Grits of the city on the R.R.V. railway and they all say "build it anyway as a vindication of our rights." It at the same time gets the opinion of two or three Conservatives, and because they say if the extensions were made to Brandon it would benefit the place, while the road will be a farce if it don't, the Winnipeg Sun says the sentiment for the road is growing stronger in the west. Yeastle ferment is growing stronger in the added pate of the Winnipeg Grit print every day, so much so that it will soon explode of spontaneous combustion, and this is all it amounts to. If the Winnipeg Sun will only send up an "interviewer," we will give him the names of 50 of the solidest business men and farmers in this vicinity who will say the road is a farce from beginning to end, conceived and brought forth in the selfishness of Winnipeg "frampikes."

The Dominion government having taken out injunctions to restrain the R. R. V. road from crossing their lots, in a legal way practically settles the question, for while the Local government may pass acts to expropriate lands belonging to individuals it is generally admitted they cannot touch lands vested in the Crown. Then, again, the money is not forthcoming, as the lands cannot be sold in the ordinary course, and the public can readily see that if money cannot be raised to build the road to Winnipeg, where a large local trade could be got from the start, it is not possible to get for the Western extensions. The country would then have to pay for the Winnipeg section, and when the extensions were clamored for the government would get behind the wall "Absence of funds." Some say money could have been got for Federal opposition, but as that opposition is certain to continue until a compromise is effected or until the decision of the courts is obtained the public must approve the course the MAIL has recommended from the start. The appeal to the Privy Council or a compromise—is the only one open to the Local authorities. To press the measure by a loss of blood, no sensible man can recommend, and equally objectionable is any step that will injure Confederation or compromise our prospects. The Call takes a sensible view when it recommends a conference with the Federal authorities and a cessation of operations on the R. R. V. if an absolute guarantee can be got from the Dominion government they will see to arrange with the C. P. R., that monopoly will be abolished in a reasonably short time, and that satisfactory rates can be got in the mean time.

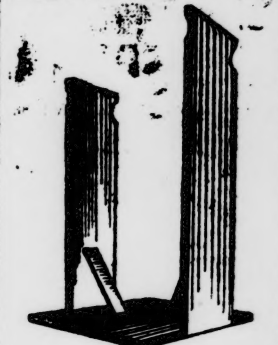
The heads of two or three wolves were brought to the treasurer of Ellice municipality the other day. The successful hunter claimed bounty money.

The insane Indian, Joseph Benjamin, who has been in Ellice and vicinity for the past few weeks has been taken charge of by the proper authorities and was sent to Winnipeg on Wednesday's train.

Mr. W. Young, a recent arrival from England, has purchased Mr. W. J. Manby's farm near Minnedosa, for \$700. Mr. Manby will open a law office in Rapid City.

A Bag Holder.

Bag holders are a great convenience, and every farmer should have one or more. With the assistance of a holder, grain or other substance can be emptied into a bag by one person. A Rural New Yorker correspondent thinks his bag holder is deserving of reputation. The cut illustrates it, and we give directions for making one like it.



BAG HOLDER.

Any kind of such lumber will serve for the bottom, which should be 18 inches square and two thicknesses of boards, one across the grain of the other, to prevent splitting. The standards are made of hard wood, 7 inches wide and 2 feet 2 inches high. The braces at the bottom are 4 inches wide and 10 inches long. The back standard is 1 1/2 inches higher than the other. The ends of the standards are hollowed, as shown in the cut. To use this holder turn the top of the bag down about two inches and place the end of the standards. The spring from both sides will hold the bag open in place. Try it.

DOES 'TRUCK FARMING' PAY?

What a New York Gardener Says About It—Rates of Rent.

Finding the farmer willing to talk, the reporter put the question: "Does truck farming pay?"

"For the amount of capital invested," was the reply, "it pays well, even better than most people suppose. We can raise vegetables and salads at all seasons of the year and receive cash when we market our truck. To do this a garden ought to contain from five to eight acres, but a neighbor of mine cleared \$1,000 last year off of two acres, a third of which is covered with glass. By glass I mean hot beds. This is the best paying part of the work, as it is by the use of hot beds that we are enabled to work the year round. About 100 glass frames, 365 feet in size, can be placed on a city lot, with plenty of space to pass between the rows. There are sixteen city lots on an acre. The space under a single frame can be worked so as to pay a profit of \$2 clear of all expense of rent, labor and marketing. Figure this up and you will see how easily my neighbor could have made his \$1,000. It requires constant labor, especially in the winter, when we have to cover up our beds with mats of hay to protect the plants from frost. But three men would be help enough to care for an acre of glass property."

"Oh, yes," he continued, "there is some stuff that we have considerable trouble in raising. For instance, we haven't been able to get good spinach in several years. This is owing to the fact that since the cows were driven out of the city we have had to depend on horse manure for fertilizing purposes, but we obtain in large quantities from the law-eries. This is excellent on wet land and for forcing plants in hot beds, but it is too coarse and dry for general field use. Worked over for a couple of years into a compost it is nearly as good as manure. The latter we consider the best natural fertilizer we can use, and prefer it even to guano, which is largely adulterated. It is stronger, and retains its strength the longest, keeping the soil moist and cool."

"Rent is about the way from nothing up to \$5 per city lot for a year. This makes \$50 an acre, about ten times what ordinary farms rent for. After the owner gives notice to quit, then he can take possession in three days. If we paid for land we would have to wait a year. That gardener across the way has paid no rent for two years."

Another gardener said he had worked his ten acre farm for twenty-eight years, but did not expect to stay on the place more than five years longer, there was so much building going on. He believed he would live to see the time when the gardeners would be driven entirely out of the city.—New York Sun.

Raising Poppies in Florida.

We take pleasure in welcoming to the river Dr. W. W. Winthrop, of St. Paul, Minn. This gentleman has traveled widely, and is a keen observer of what he met with in his travels. His primary object in coming to this state is to encourage the growth of the poppy and the manufacture of opium. His experience in this branch of production is of fifteen years' standing, and he has grown the poppy successfully in the East Indies, Persia, Germany, France and in the Levant, while on the American continent he has experimented in Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Florida. The plant grows everywhere, but best of all in Florida, producing larger bulbs and capsules. The difficulty hitherto of producing opium in the United States successfully has been the high wages paid to labor. It is stronger, and retains its strength the longest, keeping the soil moist and cool.

Dr. Winthrop has invented a plan, however, by which opium can be produced here better and cheaper than in India, where the average wages are ten cents per day, and the cultivation is so perfect by this method that sixteen plants can be made to produce a pound of opium. The gentleman assures us that at the present price of the drug a net revenue of \$1,000 per acre is an exceedingly moderate estimate. Every acre can be laid out between the trees with this plant, and the demand for the same at good prices is limitless.

An English syndicate of capitalists is going into the cultivation of the poppy largely on the Indian river, and Dr. Winthrop is prospecting and perfecting the arrangements of the company. The poppy will grow and ripen every month in the year, and thus, doubtless, another large source of wealth will shortly be added to Indian river.—Tinsville (Fla.) Star.

Facts of General Interest.

Cattle have suffered terribly in Montana.

The Empress Eugenie still beautiful.

Yesterday, April 11, the chronic grounds during which all relations are prohibited in Via Torino, Naples, was rendered particularly interesting by the appearance of the Empress Eugenie, who passed through the street. The over-riding team of the train of great and delicate beauty, almost rendering her age a mystery.

Slender, erect and with a superb figure, she is at once to be recognized as a genuine queen. Her bright and vivacious eyes justify the old tradition, and the opinion of the French press in the future of Constantinople. Her still eye completion is admirably preserved, and is perhaps owing to the mild climate, which has removed the ancient beauty in her cheeks; her hair, not yet white, still shows tints of pale gold. The empress was, as always, in good morning, and wore a long orange veil. Although she carried a parasol in her left hand, her right held the well known ebony stick, on which, however, she did not lean.

Why the Indians Killed the Dog.

An amusing incident, which resulted fatally to a poor dog, occurred at an Indian village near Lewiston, the other day, between Professor Maclester, the magician, and the noble redskins. The Indians had a small dog which the professor took quite a fancy to, and he made himself quite familiar with the brute by patting and petting him. He asked the Indians how much they would take for him; to which they replied they did not want to sell him. The professor said "him very valuable dog," at the same time rubbing him down the back to his tail length, at each stroke taking a large handful of money from the end of his tail, also from his mouth, nose and ears. At these strange proceedings the Indians stood in awe and astonishment. After the professor left their premises the Indians took the dog down to the river bank, where the poor brute was doomed to die an ignominious death. There they killed and dissected him with the idea that by his carcass plenty of "boodles" could be taken.—Boise City (Idaho) Statesman.

Manures for Garden Purposes.

For garden purposes there is nothing better than well rotted stable manure, with which tobacco stems, bones, leaves or any refuse vegetable or animal matter may be composted with advantage. This should be plowed in unless the soil is quite sandy and the manure very fine, when it may be applied on the surface, and simply harrowed or raked in. Plaster, salt, wood ashes, guano, ground bone, are valuable and can be used to advantage in connection with the stable manure. Plaster should not be applied until the plants are well up. Ashes and salt should not be mixed with the other manures, as they may be some broadcast and raked in just before planting. Guano, ground bone and superphosphate give better results if one-half is sown broadcast at planting time, the balance when the vegetables are grown. In some cases small amounts of ashes and peat on clay soils and on muck on sandy soils, will prove valuable as manures. Occasionally a spot which has been used for a garden for many years will become unproductive in spite of liberal manurings. We know of one rather recently that to abandon it for a couple of years, when it may be plowed under and the garden will be found to have regained its original fertility.

Out or Wheat Straw.

The question often arises among farmers as to the relative value of out and in straw for feeding purposes. To make an accurate comparison between the two, it would be necessary that each kind should be cut at exactly the same stage of maturity, while in precise cuts are necessary cut at an earlier stage of ripeness than wheat. Wheat straw in an average condition, according to the analysis of such an authority as Dr. Volckner, contains between 1 and 2 per cent. of fatty matter from 2 to 3 per cent. of nitrogenous compounds, 4 to 6 per cent. of sugar, mucilaginous matter, soluble in water, and about 29 per cent. of fiber in a water-soluble state to yield to the action of digestive liquids. Out straw was found to be somewhat similar in composition as far as the proportions of oil and mucilaginous compounds are concerned, but contained more sugar and extractive matter and a much larger proportion of digestible fiber. While in the case of wheat straw, more than one-fourth of the total fiber is digestible, in the case of out straw considerably more than one-half of the fiber is soluble. Out straw, then, as a rule, is superior in feeding value, because it contains a much larger proportion of digestible fat-forming and heat-producing elements.—Wm. H. H.

Weddings in Saxony.

The following are mentioned to have been joined in matrimony last year in Saxony: Thomas Black and Mary White; Harry Day and Edith N. Day; Susan Black and Catherine Vally; James Hatt and Edith Day; Isaac Slater and Julia Thacker; John Baker and Mary Fletcher; Stephen Head and Nancy Heart; William Stooly and Jessie Smart; Joseph Reed and Julia Hay; Thomas Spier and Mary Ann; Joseph Brown and Kittie Green; John Robinson and Jennie Wron; William Coe and Nancy Hall; Peter Chatter and Emma Call; Joseph Mann and Eliza Child; James Merry and Lucy Wild; Thomas Brumard and Mary Bear; James Fox and Catherine Hare; Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone; Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone; John Cloak and Julia Hood; Edward Cole and Nancy Wood; James Brown and Helen Hare; Charles Chapel and Susan Church.

This rather peculiar list of names was furnished us by Samuel Cromwell, of Wharton township, who copied them from The Hampshire Advertiser, in which they were published, and vouches for their accuracy.—Exchange.

Too Much Brain Work.

The suicide of Lieut. Danneworth at Annapolis the other day is believed by friends to have been first suggested to his crazed mind by the death of his near friend, Lieut. Robert W. Galewood, who committed suicide on the Norfolk boat a week ago. The makes the fourth case in the last two years where young naval academy graduates have killed themselves. The other cases were: of Cadet Schneck, of Pennsylvania, who shot the eve of graduation at the Royal college at Greenwich, England, shot himself, and (Lieut. F. C. Riddler, who blew his brains out while taking the prescribed two year course in the United States steamer Swatara. In a few more days Schneck would have become an assistant naval constructor. Another instance may be cited where an overworked brain has been the immediate cause of death in the young Schneck, of South Carolina. Schneck was a poor fellow who worked on a farm near Annapolis at \$10 a month to pay his entrance fee. He entered in May, did not on the practice cruise, but was found delirious in studies at the following annual examination. He had until June to make up the deficiency, but brain fever set in and death was the result.—New York Sun.

Mortality Among Children.

Before the Paris Foundling hospital adopted the expedient of placing children in families in the country its mortality rates averaged 86 per cent. a year, under the new system the death rate sank to 15 per cent. for the whole time the foundlings were its wards, which enters the annual report. The Hospital San Spirito in Rome reports the difference of mortality between the children it retains in asylum and those whom it places with families in the country at 88.78 to 12.90 per cent. This is for abandoned infants.—Charles D. Kellogg.

A Dog's Howling Note.

Dr. W. H. Walsh says that he once saw a dog who invariably uttered a hoarse howling howl when the note F sharp on the fifth line of the treble clef was struck on the piano. He had seen him howl up out of apparent sleep at the sound of the animal produced, under repeated tests perfectly indifferent to the vibrations above and below that note, to its octaves and in fact, to all other notes.

Precious Stones Imported.

The value of the precious stones recently imported into the United States for between \$9,000,000 and \$9,000,000 per annum, and it has been calculated that gems to half that sum escape payment of the duty.—Home Journal.

The lobster lays from 2,000 to 12,000 eggs, of which probably 1,000 are hatched.

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They also give Special Bargains in

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CLOTHING AND FUR GOODS.**

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Noted XX Porter, in Casks or Bottles.

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Use them, and get the Horses ready for the Hard Work of Summer.

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New Suitings, New Skirtings New Flannels
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New Yarns, 500 lbs. Lot, and more to come, including Saxony, Jubilee and Genuine Baldwin Fingering, in all Shades and Colors.

SEE OUR NEW BOOTS.

Special Lines in Ladies' Fine Button Boots and Kid Slippers. See our French Kid Button Boots, 2.75.

DAMAGED GOODS We had a Large Consignment of Goods in recent accident on C.P.R., including 50 Pairs Fine Blankets, which we must Sell and are offering at a GREAT SACRIFICE.

CLOTHING AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY

CORNER NINTH STREET AND ROSSER AVENUE.

HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The World's London special gives the following account of the burning of the theatre at Exeter yesterday. The structure burned was the Theatre Royal. It was built after the latest design, was elaborately fitted, and was one of the prettiest in the kingdom. There was a full house, and every thing was all right until the end of the third act, at 10, 30, when the drop scene fell, and in a moment the whole stage was a mass of fire. A wild panic ensued. The occupants of the stalls and dress circle escaped after dreadful crashing, many being badly bruised. The actors and actresses were in the dressing rooms when the fire began and all escaped. The fire originated in the flies and spread rapidly, filling the theatre with dense smoke. The occupants of the upper circle and gallery rushed to the windows, screaming frantically. Many jumped from the windows, and were injured. Others were rescued with the aid of ladders. The fire played fiercely, lighting up the whole city. Two le were soon flocking to the scene in thousands, inquiring for friends. The scene inside the theatre when the fire broke out was an awful one. Some men implored the audience to be cool, but it was impossible to check the frantic rush. The theatre hose was brought into use in a few minutes, but the water had little effect on the flames. Actors and actresses were taken from the windows by ladders. They lost everything except what they wore. Up to the present time 180 bodies have been recovered. They are almost unrecognizable. Thirty injured survivors have been taken to the hospitals. The search for the bodies proceeds slowly. In many cases even the shreds are burned off and the bodies look black and raw. There are various reports as to the origin of the fire. It is only certain that the flames broke out in the scene shifters' department. Those who escaped say the special exit was promptly opened. The fire brigade arrived five minutes after the breaking out of flames, but their efforts were without effect. There were several

THRILLING RESCUES.

Most of the victims were men and boys. About thirty women were buried. When the fire started the drop scene was lowered to prevent a stampede. Some of the actors opened the door to escape, causing the fire to burst through the drop scene to the gallery. The flames overtook the people, who were wedged in an immovable mass and roasted to death. Many who were alive died soon after being brought out of the burning building. A telegram from Exeter at 5 o'clock this morning says that the fire is under control. Only the walls of the structure are standing. The people, distracted with anxiety, are wandering about the streets in the neighborhood of the theatre in search of missing friends. Twenty badly burned persons, who were admitted to the hospitals, died a few moments after they were received.

PACKED WITH BODIES.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—The staircase, which was the only exit from the gallery in Exeter theatre, that burned with terrible loss of life last night, was found to be packed with bodies. Scores were found at the head of the stairs roasted to death, while those on the stairs, jammed together in a mass at the foot, were suffocated. There was a frantic rush made for this single means of escape that the passage was quickly blocked that no one was able to move and so in that helpless condition, with the staircase before them crowded with an enormous mass, and the greedy flames at their backs, the victims were literally roasted to death. There are terrible scenes about the ruins to-day. The bereaved people seeking their dead, crying, mourning and wandering about in a helpless way trying to identify in the charred remnants of human bodies some semblance to their loved ones. The victims are mostly working people who had occupied seats in the fatal gallery. In many cases fathers and mothers both perished and the number made orphans by the terrible holocaust is very large. Several bodies have been burned to nothing but a small under, making identification impossible. Sixty of those who were taken to the hospital are seriously injured, and many of them will probably die. A number of them give no sign of recovering. The number of deaths is mounting upward, and it is feared now it will reach 200 at the lowest estimate.

At noon to-day, while the search for the bodies was being prosecuted in the ruins of the theatre, the workmen came upon twenty bodies lying in a heap together completely calcined. Another ghastly discovery was made of father, mother and child burned to death clasped in one embrace. Many of the bodies found indicate that a terrible struggle was gone through to preserve life.

A FARMER named John Nichol, who lives near Cadurcis, drew a load of oats in the straw from the field three miles to a threshing machine, one day last week. On being threshed the load yielded sixty (60) bushels of grain. This is a tall story, but we are assured it is true.

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WALNUT FRAME LOUNGE

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Suitable for their use in the whole Northwest. Our Goods are stronger and better finished, and at same prices as other goods are sold for. Please call and satisfy yourselves that we have the Largest Variety and Best Goods in the country.

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Marks Can be Removed

LEON & CO.,

London, Perfumers to H. M. the Queen, have invented and patented the world-renowned

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Which removes Small-pox Marks of however long standing. The application is simple and harmless, causes no inconvenience and contains nothing injurious. Price, \$2.50.

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Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents, or three books for \$1.

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For 5 lbs. Extra Choice New Season, Natural Leaf Japan Tea, or the same quantity of a very choice Breakfast BLACK TEA. We warrant these Teas free from sticks, stems, or any other foreign substance.

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&c., &c.

The Public have been surfeited with *tall talk* as to the price at which goods can be bought in Brandon. We shall therefore do no "blowing," but beg respectfully to invite all intending purchasers, before spending money elsewhere, to call at the OLD STAND, Cor. 10th St. and Pacific Ave., and satisfy themselves that no other House can compete with us in Brandon or out of Brandon.

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I leave for the East to-day, to make Fall purchases for the Fall and Winter Trade, and in the meantime will continue to Sell all

SUMMER BOOTS & SHOES

AT ACTUAL COST PRICES

Not being able to dispose of my business, I am compelled to continue until the Stock is Reduced, and will Sell present Goods, as stated, at Cost.

A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES, &c.

[AT LOWEST FIGURES.]

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It cures Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds.

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,

74, NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533 OXFORD STREET), LONDON.

And are sold at 1s. 6d., 2s., 4s., 6s., 10s., and 15s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

2s. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 74, New Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

BEWARE of cheap imitations. Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Hemorrhoids, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

To All Who Intend Building

WE draw your special attention to the new FACTORY that has been fitted up, with a complete set of Woodworking Machinery. We are now prepared to promptly fill all orders on the shortest notice.

We will constantly keep on hand a stock of Doors, Sash Frames, Mouldings, Turnings, Scroll Sawing & Brackets made to Order. Don't forget the place—South of Rosser Ave., Tenth Street.

Hoping to receive a liberal share of your patronage, we are,

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—AT THE—
BRANDON REPOSITORY,
Wednesday, Sep. 21, 1887.

Of Horses, Horned Stock, Pigs, Poultry, Rolling Stock and Implements of every description.

These sales take place only on the third Wednesday of every month. Some of the best Farms in the neighborhood for Sale, cheap, and on reasonable terms. CHAS. FILLIS, Auctioneer.

This is the first time any advertising has been done on my account.

I try to get a **Fair Profit.**

I never profess to **SELL GOODS** FOR **Less Than Cost.**

I came here to get a living, and you who wish more must go elsewhere.

W. H. Hooper.

JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "The Red Rover," "The Sign of the Cross," etc.

On Croft it is the first time his guilt is not much to ask, I am a clever wretch and deserve my pay."

"Why do you want to shoot him?"

"Because he begged me once, years ago, for being a witch doctor, and the other day he hunted me out of the place. Besides, it is so nice to shoot a white man. I should like it better," he went on, with a smack of the lips, "if it were mine, who set the dog on me. I would!"

In a moment Frank Muller had the astonished ruffian by the throat, and was kicking and shaking him as though he were a toy. His brutal talk of Bessie had appealed to such manliness as he had in him, and whatever his own wickedness may have been, he was too manly in love with the woman to let her name be taken in vain by a man whom, though he held his "magic" in superstitious reverence, he yet ranked lower than a dog. With his nerve strong to the highest possible state of tension, and half drunk as he was, Frank Muller was no more a man to be played with or irritated than a mad bull.

"You black beast!" he yelled, "if you ever dare to mention her name again like that I will kill you, for all your witchcraft," and he hurled him with such force up against the wall of the hut that the whole place shook. The man fell, lay for a moment growing and then, except from the hut on his hands and knees.

Muller sat cowering from under his bent brows and watched him go. When he was gone he rose and fastened the door behind him, and then suddenly burst into tears; the result, no doubt, of the mingled effects of the drink, mental and physical exhaustion and the never resting passion (one can scarcely call it love) that ate away at his heart like the worm that doth not.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie!" he groaned, "I have done it all for you. Surely you cannot be angry when I have killed them all for you! Oh, my darling, my darling! If you only knew how I love you! Oh, my darling! my darling!" and in an agony of passion he flung himself down on the rough pallet in the corner of the hut and sobbed himself to sleep.

Somewhat Frank Muller's evil doing did not make him any the happier, now that the matter being that to enjoy wickedness a man must be not only without conscience, but also without passion. Now Frank Muller was tormented with a very effective substitute for the first, superstition, and his life was literally overshadowed by the last, for the beauty of a girl possessed the power to dominate his wildest moods and inflict upon him torments that she herself was incapable of even imagining.

At the first light of dawn Hendrik crept humbly into the hut and woke his master, and within half an hour they were across the Vaal and on the road to Wakkerstroom.

As the light increased so did Muller's spirits rise, till at last, when the red sun came up in glory and swept away the shadows, he felt so though all the load of guilt and fear that lay at his heart had departed with them.

He could see now that the two Boers being killed by a flash of lightning was a mere accident—a happy accident, indeed; for had it not been for that he himself would have had to kill them, if he could not by any other means have got the warrant from them. As it was he had forgotten the warrant; but it did not matter much, he reflected. Nobody would be likely to find the bodies of the two men and horses under the lonely tank there. Certainly they would not be found until the carabats had picked them clean. They would be at work upon them by now. And if they were found it was probable that the paper would have rotted or blown away, or, at the worst, be so discolored as to be unreadable. For the rest, there was nothing to connect him with the murder, now that the two accusers were dead. Hendrik would prove an alibi for him. He was a useful man, Hendrik, besides, who would believe that it was a murder? Two men were escorting an Englishman to the river; somehow they became involved in a quarrel; the Englishman shot them, and they shot the Englishman and his companion. Then the horses plunged into the Vaal and upset the cart, and there was an end of it. He could see now how well things had gone for him. He was practically placed beyond suspicion.

And then he felt to thinking of the fruits of his honest labor, and his cheek grew warm with the mounting blood, and his eyes flashed with the fire of youth. In two days—forty-eight hours—at the outside, Bessie would be in his arms. He could not misarry now; he was in absolute command there. Besides, Hendrik had read it in his companion's eyes. Good fortune should be stored on the morrow if that were necessary, and on Silas Croft and Bessie should be taken prisoners; and then he knew how to put on the screw. That talk about shooting on the previous night had been no idle threat. She should yield herself to him or the old man should die, and then he would take her. There could be no legal consequences from that now that the British government was surrendering. It would be a magnificent act to shoot a rebel Englishman.

Yes, it was all plain sailing now. How long had it taken him to win her—three years? He had loved her for three years. Well, he would have his reward; and then, his mind at rest about his passion, he would turn it to those far reaching, ambitious schemes of which the end was something like a throne.

CHAPTER XXVII.
SILAS IS CONVINCED.

At first Bessie was utterly prostrated by the blow that had fallen on her, but as time went on she revived a little, for hers was a sanguine nature with a great deal of elasticity about it. Troubles sink into the souls of some like water into a sponge, and weigh them down almost to the grave. From others they run off as the water would if poured upon marble, merely wetting the surface. She was neither the one nor the other of these, but rather of a substance between the two—a healthy, happy hearted woman, full of beauty and vigor, made to bloom in the sunshine, not to languish in the shadow of some old grief. Women of her stamp do not die of broken hearts or condemn themselves to lifelong celibacy as a sacrifice to the shade of the departed. If no, I am unfortunately removed, they, as a general rule, shed many a tear and suffer many a pang, and after a decent interval very sensibly turn their attention to No. 2.

and it was a very pale faced, quiet Bessie who went to and fro about the place after the visit of the one-eyed Kaffir. All her irritability had left her now; she no longer jumped down her uncle's throat about his having dispatched John to Pretoria. Indeed, on that very evening after the evil things came, he began to approach himself bitterly in her presence for having sent her lover away, when she stopped him.

"It is God's will, uncle," she said, quietly. "You only did what it was ordained that you should do." And then she came and laid her sunny head upon the old man's shoulder and cried a little, and said that they two were all alone in the world now; and he comforted her in the best fashion he could. It was a curious thing that they neither of them thought much of Jess when they talked thus about being alone. Jess was an enigma, a thing apart even from them. When she was there she was loved and allowed to go her own way; when she was not there she seemed to fade into outer darkness. A wall came down between her and her belongings. Of course they were both very fond of her, but simple minded people are apt to shrink involuntarily from what they cannot understand, and these two were no exception. For instance, Bessie's affection for her sister was a poor thing compared to the deep and self sacrificing, though often secret, love that her sister showered upon her. She loved her old uncle far more dearly than she did Jess, and it must be owned that he returned the compliment with interest, and in those days of heavy trouble they drew nearer to each other even than before.

But as time went on they both began to hope again. No further news of John's death reached them. Was it not possible, after all, that the whole story was an invention? They knew that Frank Muller was not a man to hesitate at a lie if he had a purpose to gain, and they could guess in this case what the purpose was. His furious passion for Bessie was no secret to either of them, and it struck them as at least possible that the tale of John's death might have been invented to forward it. It was not probable, more especially as he was not present to urge his suit, but it was possible, and however cruel suspense may be, it is at least less absolutely crushing than the dead weight of certainty.

On Sunday—it was just a week after the letter came—Bessie was sitting after dinner on the veranda, when her quick ears caught what she took to be the breaking of heavy guns far away on the Drakensberg. She rose, and, leaving the house, climbed the hill behind it. On reaching the top she stood and looked at the great solemn stretch of mountains. Away, a little to her right, was a square, precipitous peak called Majuba, which was generally clothed in clouds. To-day, however, there was no mist, and it seemed to her that it was from the direction of this peak that the faint rolling sounds came floating on the breeze. But she could see nothing; the mountain seemed as tenantless and devoid of life as the day when it first towered up upon the face of things created. Presently the sound died away, and she returned, thinking that she must have been deceived by the echoes of some distant thunder storm.

Next day they learned from the natives that what she had heard was the sound of the big guns covering the flight of the British troops down the precipitous sides of Majuba mountain. After this old Silas Croft began to lose heart a little. The run of disaster was so unrelieved that even his robust faith in the invincibility of the English arms was shaken.

"It is a very strange, Bessie," he said, "very strange; but never mind, it is bound to come right at last. Our government is not going to knock under because they have suffered a few reverses."

Then came a long four weeks of uncertainty. The air was thick with rumors, most of them brought by natives, one or two by passing Boers, to which, however, Silas Croft declined to pay any attention. Soon it became abundantly clear, however, that an armistice was concluded between the English and the Boers, but what were its terms or its object they were quite unable to decide. Silas Croft thought that the Boers, overawed by the advances of an overwhelming force, meant to give in without further fighting; but Bessie shook her head.

One day—it was the same on which John and Jess had left Pretoria—a Kaffir brought news that the armistice was at an end, that the English were advancing up to the Nek in thousands and were going to force it on the morrow and relieve the garrisons—a piece of intelligence that brought some of the old light back to Bessie's eyes. As for her uncle, he was jubilant.

"The tide is going to turn at last, my love," he said, "and we shall have our innings. Well, it is time we should, after all the shame and loss and agony of mind we have gone through. Upon my word, for the last two months I have been ashamed to call myself an Englishman. However, there is an end of it now. I knew that they would never give in and desert us," and the old man straightened his crooked back and slapped his chest and looked as proud and gallant as though he were 25 instead of 70.

The rest of that day passed without any further news, and so did the following two, but on the next, which was March 23, the storm broke.

About 11 o'clock in the forenoon Bessie was employed upon her household duties as usual, or rather she had just finished them. Her uncle had returned from making his after breakfast round upon the farm and was standing in the sitting room, his broad felt hat in one hand and a red pocket handkerchief in the other, with which he was polishing his bald head, while he chatted to Bessie through the open door.

"No news of the advance, Bessie dear?"

"No, uncle," she replied, with a sigh, and her blue eyes filling with tears, for she was thinking of one of whom there was also no news.

"Well, never mind. These things take a little time, especially with our soldiers, who move so slowly. I dare say that there was some delay waiting for guns or ammunition or something. I expect that we shall hear something by to-night."

He got as far as this, when suddenly the figure of Jantje appeared, flying up the passage in the extremity of terror and haste.

"The Boers, laas, de Boers!" (The Boers, master, the Boers!) he shouted. "The Boers are coming with a wagon, twenty of them or more, with Frank Muller at their head on his black horse, and Hans Coetzee, and the wizard with one eye with him. I was hiding behind a tree at the end of the avenue, and I saw them coming over the rise. They are going to take the place," and, without waiting

to give any further explanations, he snatched through the house and hid himself up somewhere at the back out of the way, for Jantje, like most Kaffirs, was a sad coward.

The old man stopped, rubbing his head and stared at Bessie, who was standing pale and trembling in the doorway. Just then he heard the patter of running feet on the drive outside, and looked out of the window. It was caused by the passing of some half dozen Kaffirs who were working on the place, and who, on catching sight of the Boers, had promptly thrown down their tools and were flying to the hills. Even as they passed a shot was fired somewhere from the direction of the avenue, and the last of the Kaffirs, a lad of about twelve, suddenly threw up his hands and pitched forward on his face, with a bullet in his shoulder blades.

Bessie heard the shout of "Good shot, good shot!" and the brutal laughter that greeted the fall and the tramping of the horses as they came up the drive.

"Oh, uncle!" she said, "what shall we do?"

The old man made no answer at the moment, but going to a rack upon the wall, he reached down a Westley-Richards falling block rifle that hung there. Then he sat down in a wooden arm chair that faced the French window opening on the veranda, and beckoned to her to come to him.

"We will meet them so," he said. "They shall see that we are not afraid of them. Don't be frightened, dear, they will not dare to harm us; they will be afraid of the consequences of harming English people."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the cavalcade began to appear in front of the window, led, as Jantje had said, by Frank Muller on his black horse, accompanied by Hans Coetzee on the fat pony and the villainous looking Hendrik mounted on a nondescript sort of animal, and carrying a gun and an assegai in his hand. Behind these were a body of about fifteen or sixteen armed men, among whom Silas Croft recognized most of his neighbors, by whose side he had lived for years in peace and amity.

Opposite the house they stopped and began looking about. They could not see into the room at once on account of the bright light outside and the shadow within.

"I fancy you will find the birds flown, nephew," said the fat voice of Hans Coetzee. "They have got going of your little visit."

"They cannot be far," answered Muller. "I have had them watched, and know that they have not left the place. Get down, uncle, and look in the house, and you too, Hendrik."

The Kaffir obeyed with alacrity, tumbling out of his saddle with all the grace of a sack of coals, but the Boer hesitated.

"Uncle Silas is an angry man," he ventured; "he might shoot if he found me poking about his house."

"Don't answer me!" thundered Muller; "get down and do as I bid you!"

"Ah, what a devil of a man!" murmured the unfortunate Hans as he hurried to obey. Meanwhile Hendrik the one-eyed had jumped upon the veranda and was peering through the windows.

"Here they are, haas; here they are!" he sang out; "the old cock and the pullet, too!" and he gave a kick to the window, which, being unlatched, swung wide open, revealing the old man sitting there in his wooden arm chair with Bessie standing at his side, his rifle on his knees, and holding his fair haired niece by the hand. Frank Muller dismounted and came on to the veranda, and behind him crowded up a dozen or more of his followers.

"What is it that you want, Frank Muller, that you come to my house with all these armed men?" asked Silas Croft from his chair.

"If I tell you, Silas Croft, to surrender to take your trial as a land rover and a rebel against the republic," was the answer. "I am sorry," he added, with a bow toward Bessie, in whose eyes he had been fixed all the time, "to be obliged to take you prisoner in the presence of a lady, but my duty gives me no choice."

"I do not know what you mean," said the old man. "I am a subject of Queen Victoria and of the Englishman. I am not a rebel against any republic. I am an Englishman. I say, if you want to take me, you must speak to me in English, and I will answer you in English. I claim my rights as an Englishman."

"How," interrupted Muller, coldly, "Englishmen have no rights, except such as we choose to allow them."

"Shoot him!" cried a voice.

"Treat him as Bessie treated Van der Linden at Potchefstroom!" cried another.

"Yes, make him swallow the same pill that we gave to Dr. Barber," put in a third.

"Silas Croft, are you going to surrender," asked Muller, in the same cold voice.

"No!" thundered the old man in his English pride. "I surrender to no rebels in arms against the queen. I will shoot the first man who tries to lay a finger on me!" and he rose to his feet and lifted his rifle.

"Shall I shoot him, haas—shall I shoot him?" asked the one-eyed Hendrik, smacking his lips at the thought, and fiddling with the rusty lock of the old fowling piece he carried.

Muller, by way of answer, struck him a cross the face with the back of his hand. "Hans Coetzee," he said, "go and arrest that man."

Poor Hans hesitated, as well he might. Nature had not endowed him with any great amount of natural courage, and the sight of his old neighbor's rifle barrel made him feel positively sick. He hesitated and began to stammer excuses.

"Are you going, uncle, or must I denounce you to the general as a sympathizer with Englishmen?" asked Muller, in malice, for he knew the old fellow's weakness and cowardice, and was playing on them.

"I am going. Of course I am going, nephew. Excuse me; a little faintness took me—the heat of the sun," he babbled. "Oh, yes, I am going to seize the rebel. Perhaps one of those young men would not mind engaging his attention on the other side. He is an angry man—I know him of old—and an angry man with a gun, you know, dear nephew."

"Are you going?" said his terrible master once more.

"Oh, yes! certainly yes. Dear Uncle Silas, pray put down that gun, it is so dangerous. Don't stand there looking like a wild ox, but come up to the yoke. You are old, Uncle Silas, and I don't want to have to hurt you. Come now, come, come," and he held out his hand toward him as though he were a shy horse that he was endeavoring to beguile.

"Hans Coetzee, trustee and liar that you are," said the old man, "if you come a step nearer, by God! I will put a bullet through your head."

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Agricultural Societies in the North-West Territories.

In order to give effect to the vote of the last Session of Parliament of \$10,000 in aid of Agricultural Societies in the North-West Territories, the following apportionment and regulations have been decided:

1. An Agricultural Society having FIFTY members, each of whom shall have subscribed \$1, may receive from the above vote \$150, and \$3 for every additional subscriber of \$1 each, not exceeding EIGHTY THREE in all; or, for a subscription of \$83 33 the Society having membership as above would be entitled to receive \$250, which is the largest amount that will be paid from the vote to any one Society.

2. It is a condition of any payment under the preceding section that the Treasurer of any Agricultural Society shall be required to furnish, not later than the 1st September next, to the Minister of Agriculture, a statement showing:—

(a) The name of the Society, and where located;

(b) The names of the several officers; and

(c) A copy of the list of the members of the society, with the amount subscribed and paid, set opposite the name of each.

3. This statement must be certified, by a declaration made before a Justice of the Peace, that it is true, and that the subscriptions have been paid.

By order of the Minister of Agriculture.

JOHN LOWE,

Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, 5th August, 1887.

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THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

Stock & Clothing.

FURS AND CENTS FURNISHINGS,

FOR SALE BY TENDER

TENDERS will be received up to Thursday the 25th of August, for a large and complete Stock of Clothing, Furs and Gent's Furnishings, as shown by the stock list of goods, which may be seen at the Store of

GEORGE BAWDEN, Brandon, Man.

This business is well established, and has been largely advertised. The Store is always done an excellent trade. The price of goods is low. A good chance is offered for a live man to take hold of a growing business, in good running order, and which is capable of great development.

Amount of Stock about \$120,000.

Tenders will be received at 2 o'clock on Monday, 24th of August, for a large and complete Stock of Clothing, Furs and Gent's Furnishings, as shown by the stock list of goods, which may be seen at the Store of

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